

praise womens modesty: and gaue such orderly and well-behaued reproofe to al vncomelineffe, that I would haue sworne his disposition would haue gone to the truth of his words: but they doe no more adhere and keep place together, then the hundred Psalmes to the tune of Greensleeues: What tempest (I troa) threw this Whale, (with so many Tuns of oyle in his belly) a shoare at Windsor? How shall I bee reuenged on him? I thinke the best way were, to entertaine him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust haue melted him in his owne greace: Did you euer heare the like?

*Mis. Page.* Letter for letter; but that the name of *Page* and *Ford* differs: to thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, heere's the twyn-brother of thy Letter: but let thine inherite first, for I protest mine neuer shall: I warrant he hath a thousand of these Letters, writ with blanke-space for different names (sure more); and these are of the second edition: hee will print them out of doubt: for he cares not what hee puts into the presse, when he would put vs two: I had rather be a Giantesse, and lye vnder Mount *Pelion*: Well; I will find you twentie lasciuious Turtles ere one chaste man.

*Mis. Ford.* Why this is the very same: the very hand: the very words: what doth he thinke of vs?

*Mis. Page.* Nay I know not: it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine owne honesty: He entertaine my selfe like one that I am not acquainted withall: for sure vnlesse hee know some straine in mee, that I know not my selfe, hee would neuer haue boarded me in this furie.

*Mis. Ford.* Boording, call you it? Hee bee sure to keepe him about decke.

*Mis. Page.* So will I: if hee come vnder my hatches, He neuer to Sea againe: Let's bee reueng'd on him: let's appoint him a meeting: giue him a show of comfort in his Suit, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till hee hath pawn'd his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

*Mis. Ford.* Nay, I wil consent to act any villany against him, that may not fully the charinesse of our honesty: oh that my husband saw this Letter: it would giue eternall food to his ieaousie.

*Mis. Page.* Why look where he comes; and my good man too: hee's as farre from ieaousie, as I am from giuing him cause, and that (I hope) is an vnmeasurable distance.

*Mis. Ford.* You are the happier woman.

*Mis. Page.* Let's consult together against this greafic Knight: Come hither.

*Ford.* Well: I hope, it be not so.

*Pist.* Hope is a curtall-dog in some affaires:

*Sir Iohn* affects thy wife.

*Ford.* Why sir, my wife is not young.

*Pist.* He wooes both high and low, both rich & poor, both yong and old, one with another (*Ford*) he loues the Gally-mawfry (*Ford*) perpend.

*Ford.* Loue my wife?

*Pist.* With liuer, burning hot: preuent:

Or goe thou like Sir *Alceon* he, with Ring-wood at thy heeles: O, odious is the name.

*Ford.* What name Sir?

*Pist.* The horne I say: Farewell:

Take heed, haue open eye, for theeues doe foot by night, Take heed, ere sommer comes, or Cuckoo-birds do sing, Away sir Corporall *Nim*:

Beleeue it (*Page*) he speaks sence.

*Ford.* I will be patient: I will find out this.

*Nim.* And this is true: I like not the humor of lying: hee hath wronged mee in some humors: I should haue borne the humor'd Letter to her: but I haue a sword: and it shall bite vpon my necessitie: he loues your wife: There's the short and the long: My name is Corporall *Nim*: I speak, and I auouch: 'tis true: my name is *Nim*: and *Falstaffe* loues your wife: adieu, I loue not the humor of bread and cheefe: adieu.

*Page.* The humor of it (quoth'a?) heere's a fellow frights English out of his wits.

*Ford.* I will seeke out *Falstaffe*.

*Page.* I neuer heard such a drawling-affecting rogue.

*Ford.* If I doe finde it: well.

*Page.* I will not beleeue such a *Catani*, though the Priest o' th' Towne commended him for a true man.

*Ford.* 'Twas a good sensible fellow: well.

*Page.* How now *Meg*?

*Mis. Page.* Whether goe you (*George*)? harke you.

*Mis. Ford.* How now (*twice Frank*) why art thou melancholy?

*Ford.* I melancholy? I am not melancholy:

Get you home: goe.

*Mis. Ford.* Faith, thou hast some crochets in thy head,

Now: will you goe, *Mistress Page*?

*Mis. Page.* Haue with you: you'll come to dinner

*George*? Look who comes yonder: shee shall bee our

Messenger to this paltrie Knight.

*Mis. Ford.* Trust me, I thought on her: shee'll see it.

*Mis. Page.* You are come to see my daughter *Anne*?

*Qui.* Forsooth: and I pray how do's good *Mistress Anne*?

*Mis. Page.* Go in with vs and see: we haue an houres

talke with you.

*Page.* How now Master *Ford*?

*Ford.* You heard what this knaue told me, did you not?

*Page.* Yes, and you heard what the other told me?

*Ford.* Doe you thinke there is truth in them?

*Page.* Hang 'em slaues: I doe not thinke the Knight would offer it: But these that accuse him in his intent towards our wines, are a yoke of his discarded men: very rogues, now they be out of seruice.

*Ford.* Were they his men?

*Page.* Marry were they.

*Ford.* I like it neuer the better for that,

Do's he lye at the Garter?

*Page.* I marry do's he: if hee should intend this voyage toward my wife, I would turne her loose to him; and what hee gets more of her, then sharpe words, let it lye on my head.

*Ford.* I doe not misdoubt my wife: but I would bee loath to turne them together: a man may be too confident: I would haue nothing lye on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.

*Page.* Look where my ranting-Host of the Garter comes: there is eyther liquor in his pate, or mony in his purse, when hee lookes so merrily: How now mine Host?

*Host.* How now Bully-Rooke: thou'rt a Gentleman Cauceiro Iustice, I say.

*Shal.* I follow, (mine Host) I follow: Good-even, and twenty (good Master *Page*.) Master *Page*, will you go with vs? we haue sport in hand.

*Host.* Tell him Cauceiro-Iustice: tell him Bully-Rooke.

*Shal.* Sir, there is a fray to be fought, betweene Sir *Hugh* the Welch Priest, and *Chim* the French Doctor.

*Ford.* Good

*Ford.* Good mine Host o' th' Garter: a word with you.

*Host.* What saist thou, my Bully-Rooke?

*Shal.* Will you goe with vs to behold it? My merry Host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and (I thinke) hath appointed them contrary places: for (beleeue mee) I heare the Parson is no letter: harke, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

*Host.* Hast thou no suit against my Knight, my guest-Cauceiro?

*Shal.* None, I protest: but He giue you a pottle of burn'd sacke, to giue me recourse to him, and tell him my name is *Broome*: onely for a iest.

*Host.* My hand, (Bully:) thou shalt haue egress and regresse, (said I well?) and thy name shall be *Broome*. It is a merry Knight: will you goe An-heires?

*Shal.* Haue with you mine Host.

*Page.* I haue heard the French-man hath good skill in his Rapier.

*Shal.* Tut sir: I could haue told you more: In these times you stand on distance: your Passes, Stoccado's, and I know not what: 'tis the heart (*Master Page*) 'tis heere, 'tis heere: I haue seene the time, with my long-sword, I would haue made you fowre tall fellowes skippe like Rates.

*Host.* Heere boyes, heere, heere: shall we wag?

*Page.* Haue with you: I had rather heare them scold, then fight.

*Ford.* Though *Page* be a secure foole, and stands so firmly on his wines frailty; yet, I cannot put-off my opinion so easily: she was in his company at *Pages* house: and what they made there, I know not. Well, I wil looke further into't, and I haue a disguise, to sound *Falstaffe*; if I finde her honest, I loose not my labor: if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed.

*Exeunt.*

### Scena Secunda.

Enter *Falstaffe*, *Pistol*, *Robin*, *Quickly*, *Bardolfe*, *Ford*.

*Fal.* I will not lend thee a penny.

*Pist.* Why then the world's mine Oyster, which I, with sword will open.

*Fal.* Not a penny: I haue bene content (Sir,) you should lay my countenance to pawne: I haue grated vpon my good friends for three Repreeues for you, and your Coach-fellow *Nim*; or else you had look'd through the grate, like a Gemini of Baboones: I am damn'd in hell, for swearing to Gentlemen my friends, you were good Souldiers, and tall-fellowes. And when *Mistress Briger* lost the handle of her Fan, I took't vpon mine honour thou hadst it not.

*Pist.* Didst not thou share? hadst thou not fiftene pence?

*Fal.* Reason, you rogue, reason: thinkst thou He endanger my soule, gratis? at a word, hang no more about mee, I am no gibber for you: goe, a short knife, and a throng, to your Mannor of *Pick-batch*: goe, you'll not beare a Letter for mee you rogue? you stand vpon your honor: why, (thou vnconfinable baseness) it is as much as I can doe to keepe the termes of my honor precise: I, I, my selfe sometimes, leauing the feare of heauen on

the left hand, and hiding mine honor in my necessity, am faine to shuffle: to hedge, and to lurch, and yet, you Rogue, will en-sconce your raggs; your Cat-a-Mountain-lookes, your red-lattice phrales, and your bold-beating-oathes, vnder the shelter of your honor: you will not doe it? you?

*Pist.* I doe relent: what would thou more of man?

*Robin.* Sir, here's a woman would speake with you.

*Fal.* Let her approach.

*Qui.* Giue your worship good morrow.

*Fal.* Good-morrow, good-wife.

*Qui.* Not so, and't please your worship.

*Fal.* Good maid then.

*Qui.* He be sworne,

As my mother was the first houre I was borne.

*Fal.* I doe beleeue the swearer; what with me?

*Qui.* Shall I vouch-safe your worship a word, or two?

*Fal.* Two thousand (faire woman) and ile vouchsafe thee the hearing.

*Qui.* There is one *Mistress Ford*, (Sir) I pray come a little neerer this waies: I my selfe dwell with *M. Doctor Canis*:

*Fal.* Well, on; *Mistress Ford*, you say.

*Qui.* Your worship saies very true: I pray your worship come a little neerer this waies.

*Fal.* I warrant thee, no-bodie heares: mine owne people, mine owne people.

*Qui.* Are they so? heauen-bleffe them, and make them his Seruants.

*Fal.* Well; *Mistress Ford*, what of her?

*Qui.* Why, Sir; shee's a good-creature; Lord, Lord, your Worship's a wanton: well: heauen forgieue you, and all of vs, I pray—

*Fal.* *Mistress Ford*: come, *Mistress Ford*.

*Qui.* Marry this is the short, and the long of it: you haue brought her into such a Canaries, as 'tis wonderful: the best Courtier of them all (when the Court lay at *Windsor*) could neuer haue brought her to such a Canarie: yet there has bene Knights, and Lords, and Gentlemen, with their Coaches; I warrant you Coach after Coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, smelling so sweetly; all Muske, and so rushing, I warrant you, in silke and golde, and in such alligant termes, and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would haue wonne any womans heart: and I warrant you, they could neuer get an eye-winke of her: I had my selfe twentie Angels giuen me this morning, but I defie all Angels (in any such sort, as they say) but in the way of honesty: and I warrant you, they could neuer get her so much as sippe on a cup with the proudest of them all, and yet there has bene Earles: nay, (which is more) Pensioners, but I warrant you all is one with her.

*Fal.* But what saies shee to mee? be briefe my good shee-*Mercurie*.

*Qui.* Marry, she hath receiu'd your Letter: for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she giues you to notifie, that her husband will be absence from his house, betweene ten and eleuen.

*Fal.* Ten, and eleuen.

*Qui.* I, forsooth: and then you may come and see the picture (she sayes) that you wot of: *Master Ford* her husband will be from home: alas, the sweet woman leads an ill life with him: hee's a very ieaousie-man; she leads a very frampold life with him, (good hart.)

*Fal.* Ten, and eleuen.

Woman